

HOG WASH

BOOK NINE

Photo Stories
by
David G. Seibold

HOG WASH
Book Nine

A series of photographic stories

By David G. Seibold

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like thank my wife, Shari Seibold, for all of her encouragement and patience.

Hog Wash is an ongoing series. This is book nine which means, follow me now, there were eight before it. Currently, photos and stories are going into book thirty-one. So, there is a bunch and I probably won't be around long enough to publish all of them whatever all of them turns out to be. I've slowed down a bit on the stories due to time. I generate material for a book about every 50-90 days.

Full res photos used in this book can be found on Flickr (<https://www.flickr.com/photos/stillugly/>) or davidseibold.us.

Disclaimer: Almost none of the stories in this book are true. As you read this book, keep in mind that I have made an attempt to include something for everyone. Some people are always looking for errors. So, if you find any, please remember that they are there for a reason.

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Brain Fade



Lappett thought he was a vulture. He zoomed around picking up dead aphids, ladybug larvae and tiny mites. All the other hummingbirds thought Lappett was a little light in the head. Lappett's condition was probably a result of his voracious reading of Dr. Vulture comic books or maybe his habit of only drinking fermented sugar water.

Bakersfield, California 2011

Relax



Samuel de Champlain used to sit on these benches and gaze at the Kennebec River. This was around 1605, so, maybe the benches weren't there. Sam loved to travel. So much so that Louis XIII of France had to order him to cease exploration and get his butt back to Quebec.

Bath, Maine 2014

Bearly True



Giovanni da Verrazano sat right here in 1524 to watch the first Maine Bowl. Local moose and bears played kind of a flag football-type game using trout as flags. It was the best seat to view the game. Giovanni never told anyone about the game because the bears and moose asked him not to disclose the location.

(The above is fictitious, however, there are bears and moose in Maine and Giovanni did visit Maine around 1524.)

Rte 1, Maine 2014

Anguish



Herman wasn't afraid of anything! Well, maybe a mouse. After all, he had just parachuted from an airplane! Unfortunately, he landed on a roof instead of in the Passagassawakeag River. Normally, he would just jump off the roof, but, he discovered he didn't have the nerve to leap over electrical service drops. So, he was stuck on the roof of the Colonial Theatre and he was upset.

Belfast, Maine 2014

Constrained



Spiro was like any teenager. Full of energy, dreams, confusion. Arbitrarily flying off here and there. Seeking. Except, Spiro was a missile carrying a nuclear payload and for everyone's sake, Spiro needed to be constrained.

Belfast, Maine 2014

Make Room



We didn't get a good look, but, I think we caught a glimpse of a sasquatch-looking character rushing out of Jack Russell's Steakhouse in Bar Harbor, Maine. He kind of walked where he wanted to and he wanted to walk between two saplings. Snap! The last thing we heard was a grunt and then, "I wish Jack would stock more toilet paper!"

Bar Harbor, Maine 2014

Beerworks



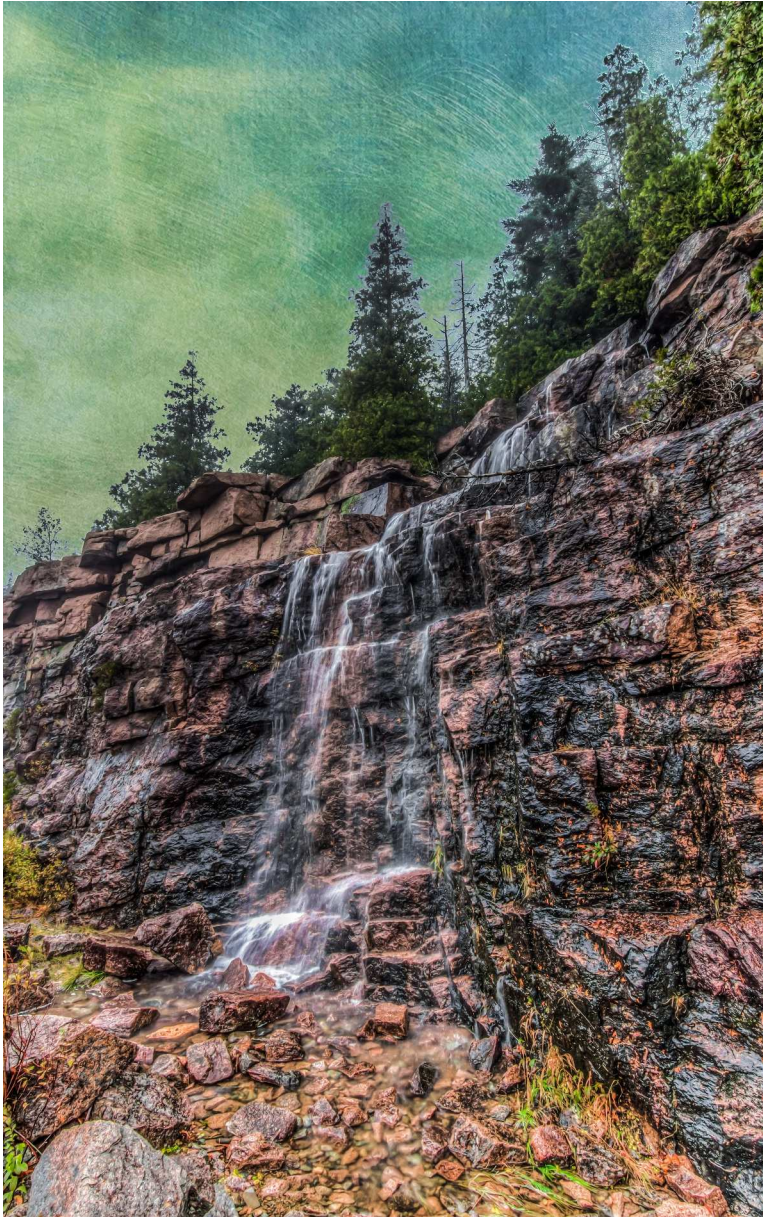
Shari and I had no idea Maine had beer. I thought it was just Dairy Queens, Dunkin' Donuts, cemeteries, lighthouses, antique shops and moose. What a surprise.

Bar Harbor, Maine 2014

Spotted



We actually did see a few moose while in Maine. This one was jumping rooftops on Mount Desert Island. I'm not sure what the normal daily activity is for moose, but, generally we mainly saw them at night in the most precarious locations. For being so large, they sure are nimble-footed! It was kind of strange that we always saw a single moose, no herds, but, maybe that's the way they roll.



This was one of those we'll-stop-on-the-way-back shots after cresting Cadillac Mountain. This particular day, the clouds were so low, there was no view on top of the mountain. Alright, this is killing me. Cadillac Mountain is 1,530 feet (466 m) tall. That's a mountain? I guess it's all in the perspective.

Acadia National Park, Maine, USA 2014

Close Enough



Barney Surefoot lived on this point for years. About once a week, town folk would have to come help Barney get out of the water after falling in. They finally decided to build a lighthouse to block the path. Barney has been dry since then.

Bass Harbor, Maine, 2014

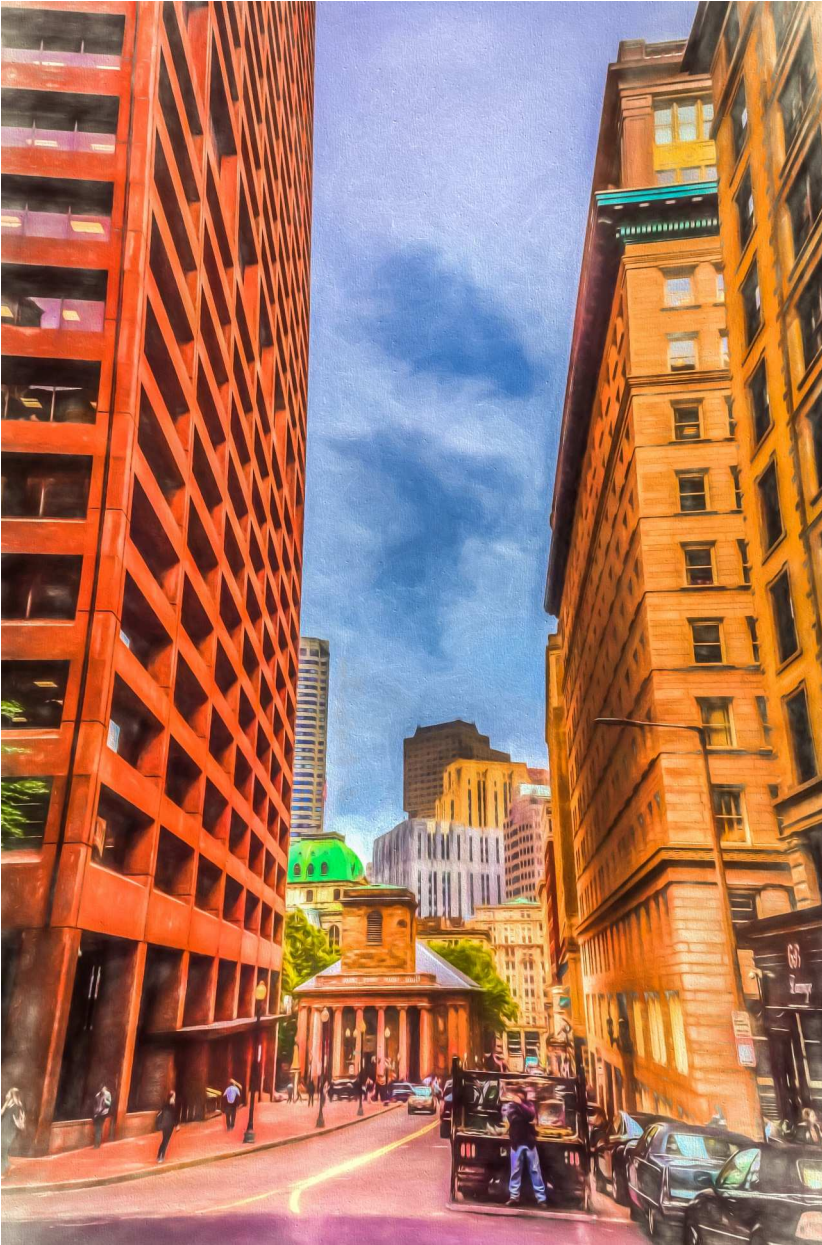
Welcome



Once upon a time in Bangor, Maine, there was a house with numerous gargoyles, bats, and scary stuff. Then, tourists decided they wanted memorabilia and decimated the ornate figures. Little did they know that there were tracking devices embedded in the iron work and every once in a while, the original owner, we'll call him Stephen, slips in and removes the stolen property along with a piece of the perpetrator.

Bangor, Maine 2014

A Different View



Fleetfoot McCarney runs the Boston Marathon every year. He hasn't finished one yet. He gets distracted looking up at the buildings and usually runs into something that takes him out. Last year it was two guys dressed in a cow costume that ended Fleetfoot's attempt!

Boston, Massachusetts 2014

First Impression



Shari and I spent a couple of hours doing a quick look around. I was mainly looking for restrooms. The downtown area was amazing and warrants another visit when we can spend several days exploring. Walking down narrow streets with towering buildings was very cool!

Boston, Massachusetts 2014

Available



Heard today that Boston, Massachusetts' seasonal snowfall is 108.6 inches (275.84 cm) at the moment. The previous record was set in 1872. So, if all the snow was on the ground at once, the ground floor of the buildings would be covered.

Boston, Massachusetts, 2014

Spin (B/W)



I believe this is the first circular fire escape I have ever seen. Maybe it's not a fire escape? Maybe it's patios? Any way, I thought it was interesting, but, not interesting enough to warrant peeing my pants, so, it was a very quick shot; almost a drive-by except I was gingerly walking.

Boston, Massachusetts 2014



It was wet and cold as a Nor'easter made its way inland. With the promise of rain for the next few days, Shari and I decided to spend our last day on the East Coast touring Plymouth and Cape Cod in the rain. I'll be honest. I'm not sure what I expected to see when visiting Plymouth Rock. I know I didn't expect to see something barely large enough for one seagull to land on and to top it off, someone defaced the rock with numbers.

Plymouth, Massachusetts 2014

I've Had My Milk, Now What?



Woody the cat was telling me about getting his paws wet from this morning's rain. He wasn't very happy about it and really thought he should have a second serving of milk.

Bakersfield, California 2014



This is the only day of the year Victor doesn't feel self conscious. Everyone is running around with painted faces and he fits right in. Of course, the downside is that he is nailed to a palm tree and depends on others to bring him food and drinks. Then, there's the bathroom issue. Victor usually waits until a large crowd is in his area and everyone just thinks he's nailed to a weeping palm tree. If he could figure out how to dye his urine red, he could get a gig like that Jesus fella keeps telling him about.

Dia de los Muertos, Forever
Hollywood Cemetery, Los Angeles,
California 2014

Spot On



Below this tower roamed masses of the walking live celebrating a 3,000 year old ritual called Dia De Los Muertos or Day of the Dead. I believe the Aztecs started the practice to honor their deceased relatives. Today, people don wooden skull masks called calacas and dance in honor of their dead. Altars are made, sugar skulls, made with the names of the dead person on the forehead, are eaten by a relative or friend. Faces are painted in various skull fashion and photographers show up in droves.

Forever Hollywood Cemetery, Hollywood, California 2014

The Tin Man



The first thing that popped into my head when seeing the Paramount Studios water tower. Well, I guess it's a water tower. It could be a Jack Daniels reservoir! Okay, I'm going with the later! I need to visit the studios.

Hollywood, California 2014

Direction



Alonso is a dreamer. Probably influenced by hours of YouTube videos. He loved watching wingsuit flying and was particularly entranced by jet-powered wingsuits. So, Alonso got the brilliant idea to strap a couple of old Briggs & Stratton engines on his wingsuit. He had a little bit of trouble controlling his flight, but, all in all, things went pretty good until he realized he had forgotten to pack a parachute. It got a little messy after that.

Los Angeles, California 2014

Mini Capitan



Tulare County, California has its own version of El Capitan. It's quite a bit smaller than the Yosemite version, but, it's also a lot easier to climb and the fall isn't nearly as great. The drive on Hwy 190 between Springville and Camp Nelson is quite curvy and runs along the Middle Fork of the Tule River. There are several access points to the river and it is very popular during the summer months. This shot is just before a power plant on the Middle and South forks of the Tule. The flume carries water to the Springville area. I'm not sure what the water is used for; it may be the town's drinking source. The flume passes over Hwy 190, so, if you are standing with your head hanging out of the vehicle's sunroof, you could bump your head.

Hwy 190, Tulare County, California 2014

Cooling Off



It's hot and all you want to do is go down by the river and cool off. Well, a lot of other folks are thinking the same thing and once in a while, a very unexpected visitor shows up and doesn't want to share. On this particular day old man, E. L. Phant, showed up for his annual bath. Believe me, you don't want to be downwind of this character let alone in the same body of water! Phant's appearance pretty much ended the day for everyone. We attempted to move upstream from him, but, someone cracked open a cold one and the noise brought Phant lumbering up to where we were. If there's one thing Phant loves more than a nice bath, it's a cold brew!

The Summit



For a number of years, it was very popular among the aphids to scale these river birch branches. Once they reached the top, the birds would pick them off. I never thought about aphids being intelligent, but, they eventually realized climbing to the top wasn't always the best thing to do.

Bakersfield, California 2014

It Could Have Happened



A lot of times when photographing, I become absorbed in a particular subject and forget to look behind or above. I wonder how many interesting things I missed by not doing a quick look around? This particular scene was revealed when I had the foresight to look down an old mine shaft. The plane kept circling and circling all the while upside down. It was quite interesting to watch. Or maybe, I was looking down and then looked up. Maybe it wasn't a mine shaft. I don't remember.

Hart Park, Kern County, California 2014

Mudbugs



Loquasious Haberf and Lonnie Elde were partners in the 1920's. They primarily dealt in Kern River mudbugs. They struggled to make a living because most people were offended by the term mudbug. By chance, some foreigner, probably from Nevada, told the boys that most people call mudbugs, crayfish or crawdads.

Well, once Loquasious and Lonnie started hawking mudbugs as crawdads, business skyrocketed. Most folks knew crawdads did not like polluted waters, so, the Kern River water must be pristine considering the number of crawdads the boys were hauling out.

The above story is fictitious.

Bakersfield, California 2014

Revitalize



Bakersfield has been going through a lighting change. I can't remember if I've been downtown since the completion or not. I need to go look and see what buildings and people look like with the new lighting. I do know that the new fixtures require less water than the old ones. That's a good thing.

[The water comment is an indirect reference to hydroelectric power which the new fixtures use less of.]

Bakersfield, California 2014

T.L. Maxwell's



One of the finest restaurants in Bakersfield, California. Well, that's what their website claims, and, actually it is very good. It is located in one of the oldest buildings in town, the Haberfeld Building, on the 17th Place entrance which is pretty much an alley with a lot of character.

T.L. Maxwell's Restaurant & Bar,
Bakersfield, California 2014

Overbaked



This is Chester Avenue in Bakersfield, California. It has never looked like this. Let me rephrase that. It may have looked like this during the late 1960s and early 1970s. Flashback! Yes, that's what it is! Except this is not as undulating as then. What it boils down to is I had a photo that really didn't do anything for me. So, I played with it and you folks get to suffer the consequences. Just scroll real fast!

Bakersfield, California 2014

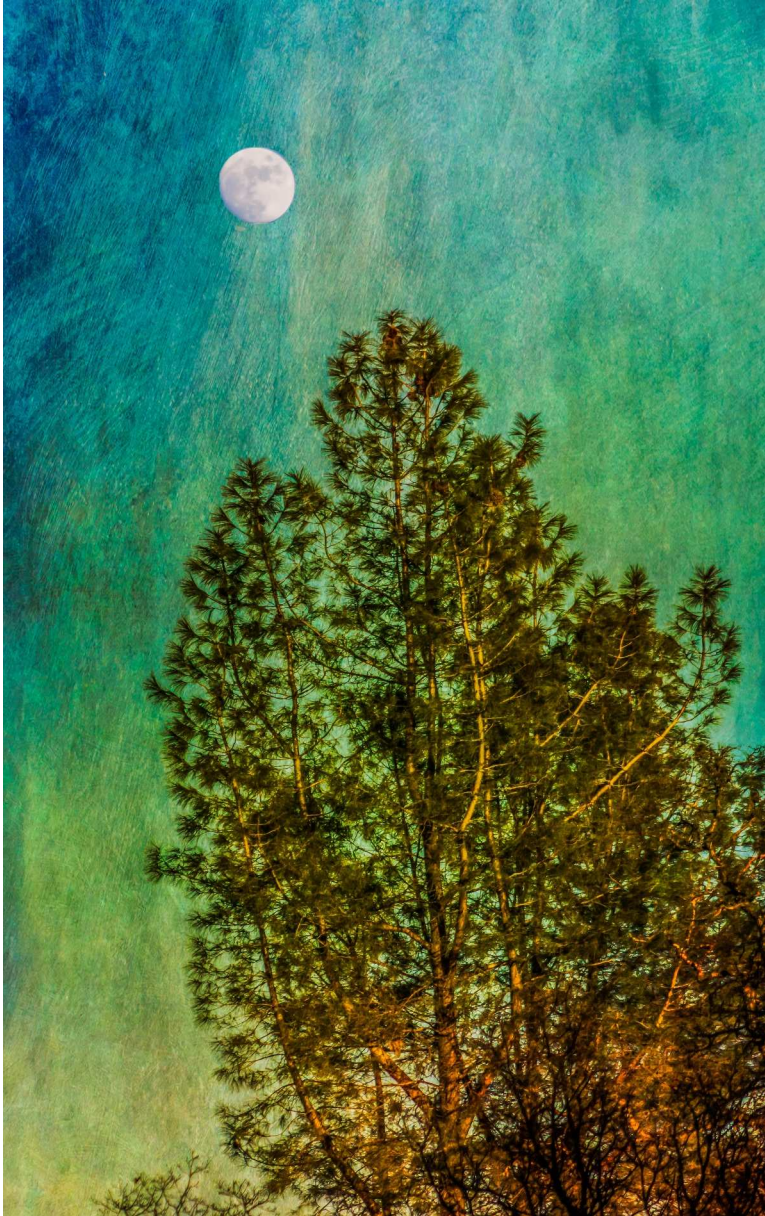
Breathe



Hanover Slokum found a woolly mammoth in his backyard while excavating for a swimming pool. That's how he came up with the name of his business. Honest!

Madera, California 2015

Moon Over Pine



An afternoon shot in Northern California while strolling about. Not quite a full moon. Of course, there was a nice blue sky, but, I messed with it.

Redding, California 2015

Appetizing



When I spied these mushrooms, I was thinking, "look at the size of those. Gonna be some good eats!" It was kind of odd that I had to use a chainsaw to cut them. You know, usually, you just give them a little tug and they come loose. But, I didn't think much about it. I really started to wonder though, when I had to use a bandsaw to shave slices, but, well, maybe they were a little tough. As I fried them, they gave off a very pleasant woody odor. I think I'm going to have the stove checked; the slices never did soften up

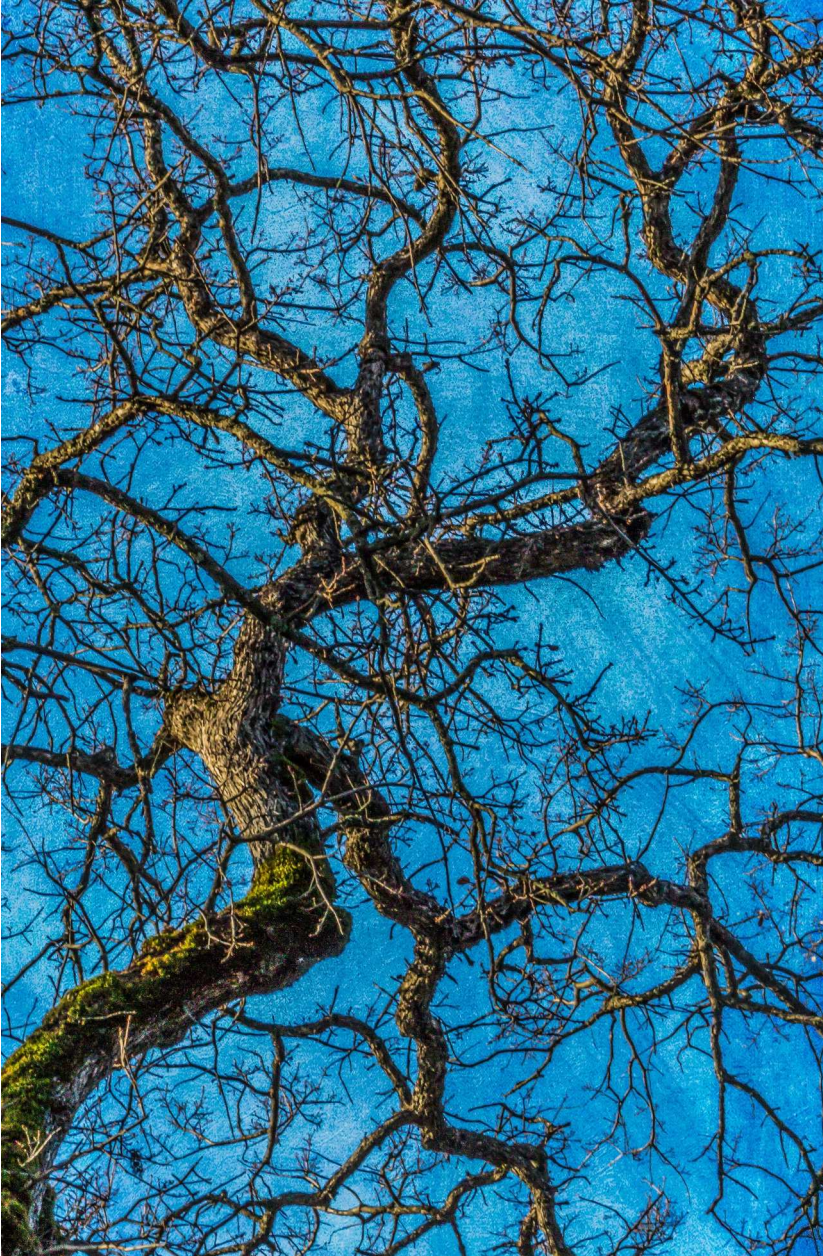
The Lynching



John and Charles Ruggles thought they could make some easy money by robbing a stagecoach. On May 10, 1892, the brothers robbed the Weaverville, California stage, but, the take turned out to be pocket change. They next tried robbing a stage on May 12 and everything went well until Charles was hit by buckshot fired by a guard riding inside the coach. Charles was taken into custody at the scene and John was captured later in Woodland, California. While held in jail, a group of masked men released the brothers and then hung them together from a derrick.

Redding, California 2015

Listen To The Trees



I spent an hour listening to this tree tell stories of growing up from an acorn. He told me tales passed down by his grandparents of a time when the Native Americans of the Wintu tribe settled the area around the year 1000. To protect the inhabitants, his great great grandfather was burned at the stake after contracting an incurable disease. All kinds of people passed this area while traveling the Siskiyou Trail. Some fella named Pierson B. Reading was the first non native settler in the area. In 1844, Reading received the Rancho Buena Ventura Mexican land grant for the area occupied by today's Redding and Cottonwood, California, along the Sacramento River. At the time, it was the northernmost non native settlement in California.

Redding, California 2015

Intertwined



This old guy has been leaching nutrients for awhile. Squirrels and mice relish his acorns. Bugs and worms wiggle underneath his bark. Birds have burrowed homes in his side. When he finally falls, he'll provide warmth to a home because that's what happens on burn days.

Redding, California 2015

Slow To Drop



We have six river birch trees in our yards. Each tree has its own characteristics as far as leafing out and dropping leaves. One thing they all have in common is aphids. We've learned to treat the trees every year or so and that takes care of the aphids. When a tree has not been treated, the birds and ladybugs can't keep up with the aphids. It took a little while for us to figure out that the leaves not dropping was connected to the aphids. Maybe all that sticky residue the buggers leave behind.

Bakersfield, California 2015

Cincinnatus



Good Riddance was almost asleep while standing at a hitching post on July 10, 1859 swatting flies with his tail. All of a sudden, Cincinnatus Heine Miller walked up spouting something about bear stories and stole him. Well, everyone in town knew Good Riddance and his owner, Dudeowns Riddance Thehorse, so, when they saw Good Riddance ambling down the street with another rider on him, they knew something was up.

Joaquin Miller, The Poet of the Sierras, didn't get to the end of the street before the Sheriff arrested him. Well, as you all know, stealing a horse was a hanging offense back in the day. Fortunately for Joaquin, being a womanizer and all, one of his women was the wife of the Sheriff and she talked her husband into letting Joaquin go.

(pretty much everything above is fictitious)

(old) Shasta, California 2015

Crush

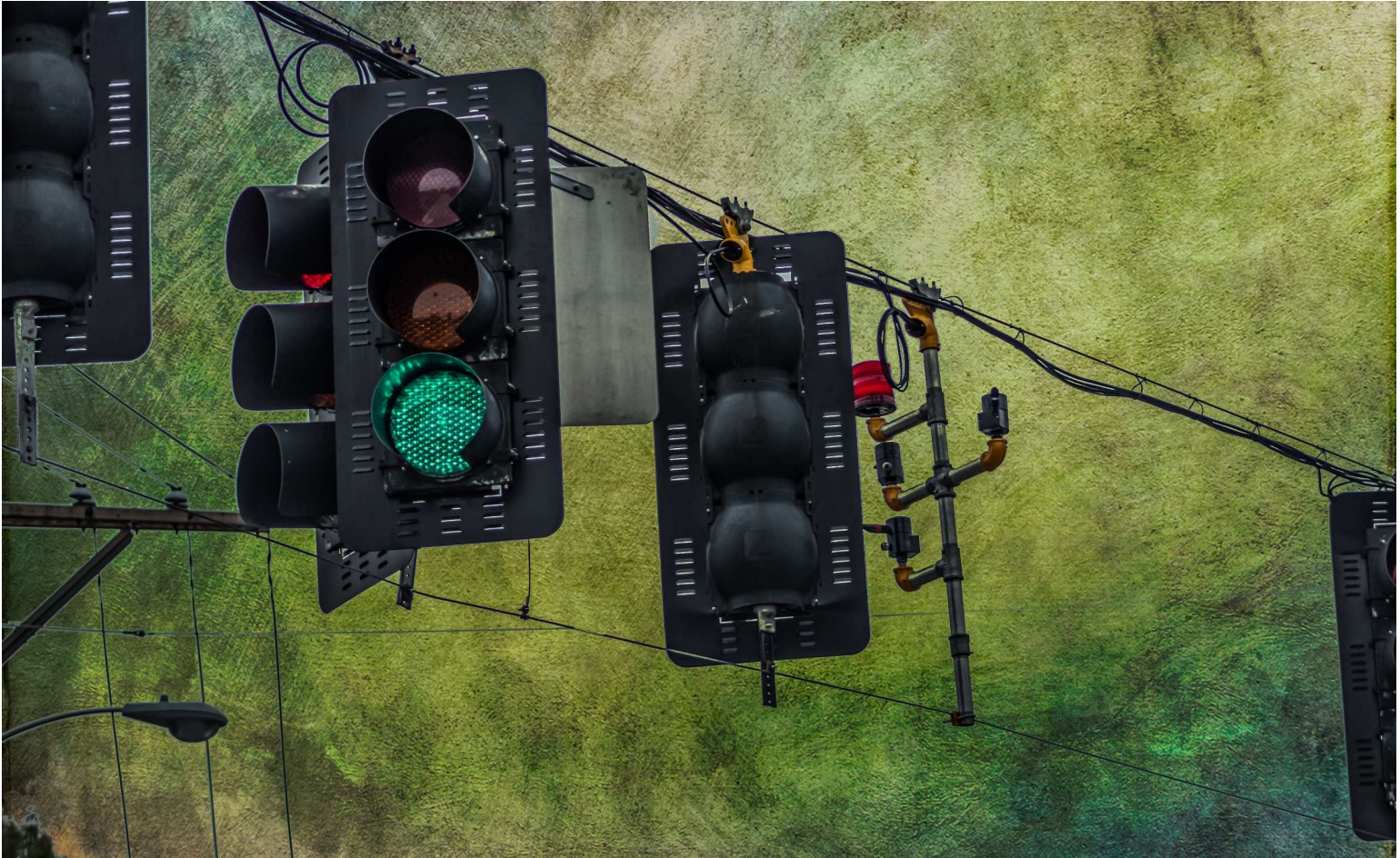


It's a little known fact that coffee beans in the 1800s were much larger than today's bean. It took a lot more effort to crush the beans, but, the Industrial Revolution supplied the means and the ingenuity of gold miners provided the answer. Miners drank a lot of coffee to balance the enormous amounts of whiskey ingested.

I, personally, don't believe a word above this line!

Shasta City, California 2015

Out Of Harms Way



Mai Krach had a plumbing business. He was barely making ends meet. Granted it may have had something to do with the fact that every job he did, he seemed to break more than he fixed. But, Mai was really lucky. His brother-in-law was a traffic engineer and convinced the city that Mai could prefabricate a support tree inexpensively for traffic warning lights, cameras and sensors which coincidentally would keep Mai from breaking anything at his brother-in-law's house. Now, Mai just sits in his shop and screws together standard nipples and fittings. He doesn't even have to do the installing and he can drive around town pointing out all the work he has done for the city.

The above story is fictitious except the part about breaking stuff in Mai's brother-in-law's house. Mai's brother-in-law would never let Mai work on anything in his house. Ever!

Portsmouth, New Hampshire 2014

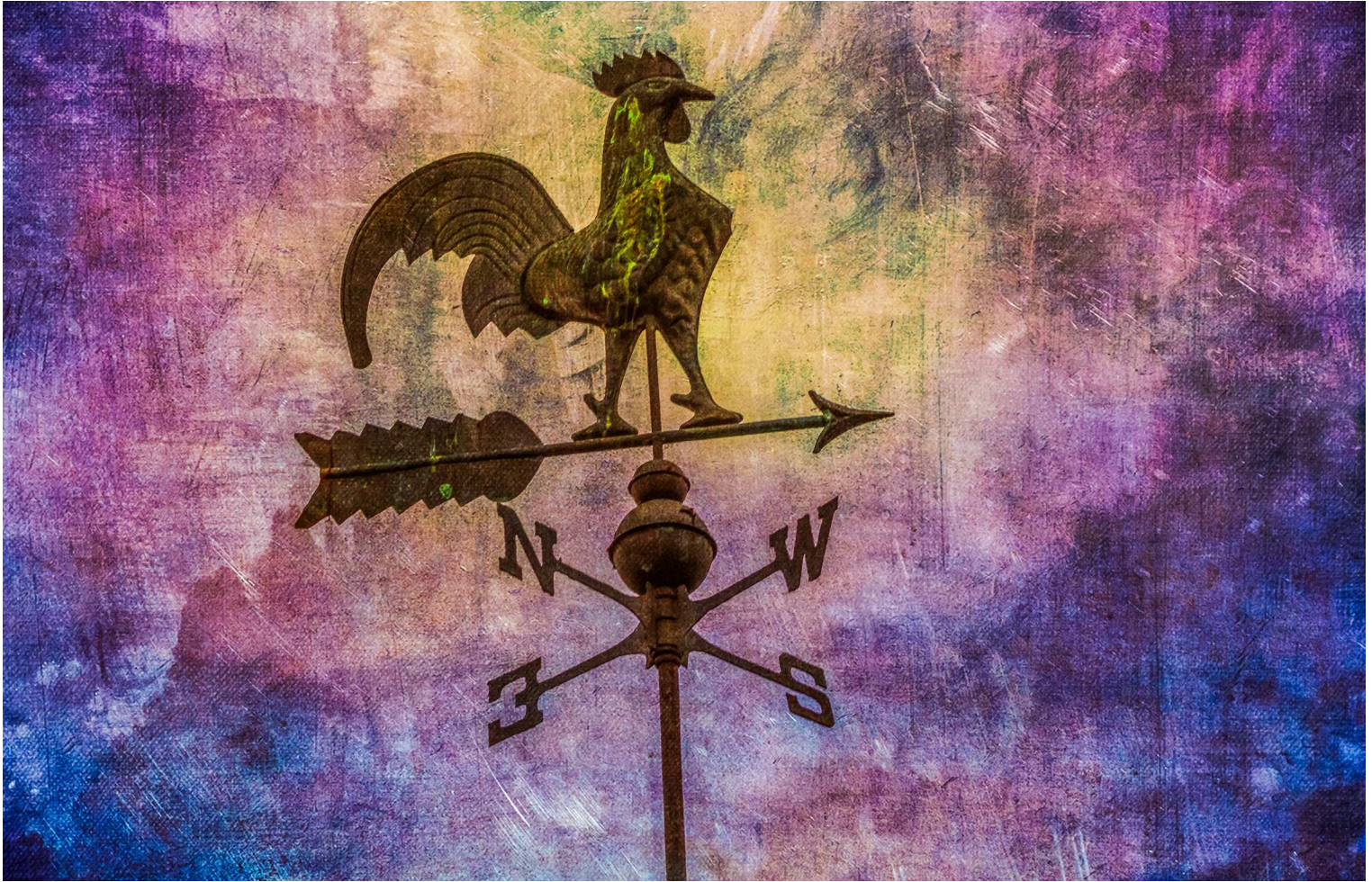
The Gate



Len has lived on this property all his life. Every day he walks out here and looks at the gate wondering what lies on the other side. Len never thought about just walking up to the gate and looking on the other side. That's just the way Len is miswired.

Redding, California 2015

You're So Vane



So, this farmer had a rooster he really loved and when it died, he ran over it with a steam roller, used it for a mold and mounted the cast on the roof of his house. Now, when the farmer goes outside, he can see his beloved rooster and know which way the wind is blowing. Recycle.

Redding, California 2015

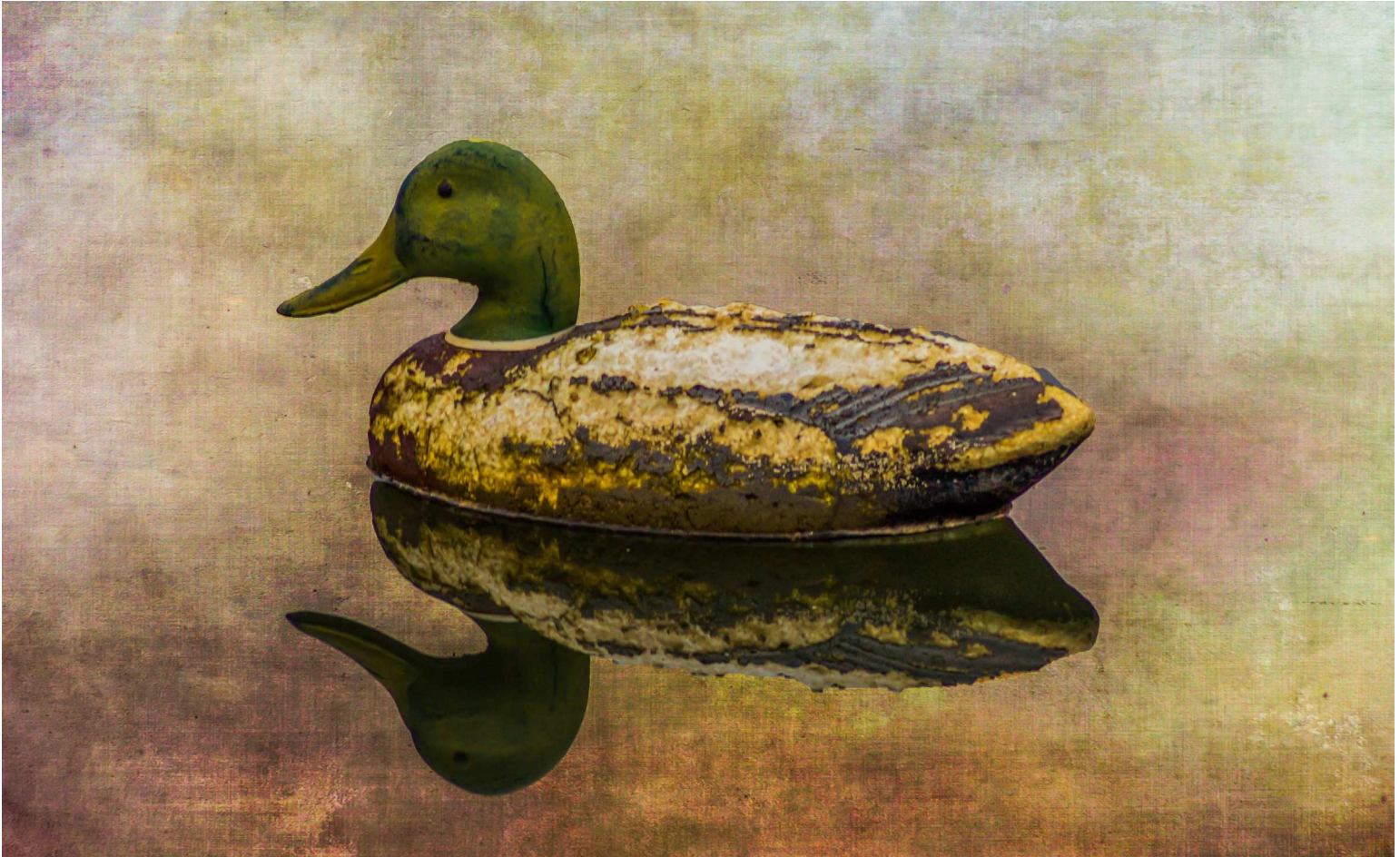
Bang Your Head



Old Barney likes to pound holes in trees. It's some serious pounding. If he doesn't use the holes himself, various other birds like swifts, owls, ducks, bats and martens, are happy to take up residence. In fact, a lot of times you can see these other birds taunting Barney so he follows them around from tree to tree banging holes for them. I'm not sure old Barney is too bright!

Redding, California 2015

Mislead



I spotted this guy from about 1000 feet in a pond. I went inside and changed lenses and then I stealthfully crept closer. He didn't seem to mind that I was approaching. I probably got within a 100 feet and still no movement. No way I could get this close to the geese that frequent the pond. I carefully took aim and fired! That's when I remembered that someone told me they had a duck decoy in the pond. At least I got a little sneak practice.

Redding, California 2015

Pondering Reflections



I find if I don't have a point of reference, I become disoriented quickly. There isn't anything in this photo to tell me if I'm looking at a reflection or I have the image upsidedown. However, I remember that it was just before sunrise, I hadn't been in the whiskey yet and there was a pond. So, I'm going with reflection.

Redding, California 2015

In His Mind



Ralph loved sitting on the bank of the small pond near his home. He could let his mind wander for hours. But, by the end of the day, he'd get back in the water and paddle away leaving his dreams behind.

Redding, California 2015

Similarities (B/W)



You remember Pinocchio? He had a physical issue when he lied. Juan had the same issue, but, it affected a different part of his anatomy.

Redding, California 2015

Antagonist



Herman the Squirrel loves to torment dogs from this tree. His buddy, Lyle the Hummingbird, lets him know when the dogs are out and then Herman comes. Herman will make a lot of noise to get the dog's attention and then jump from limb to limb yelling stuff like "you got fleas, hound" and "your mama was a mutt". Drives the dogs bonkers. If Herman ever falls out of the tree, well, the dogs will be all over him!

Redding, California 2015

Not Always What It Seems



Steve and his family enjoyed the Summer living in their new condo. Steve couldn't believe the rent was so reasonable and the views so magnificent. However, the realtor failed to mention that the Winter months would be so warm. Unfortunately, Steve and his family are now crispy critters.

Redding, California 2015

Agility



Neighborhood squirrels have been vigorously practicing for the International Residential Service Drop Scamper. Practice runs have gone well for everyone except Big Foot Benji. Benji had a bit of a shock when he straddled two phases at the weatherhead. It's all Theodore's fault. Theodore has a habit of gnawing the insulation off conductors. The dogs almost got Benji when he hit the ground.

Bakersfield, California 2016

Fluffy



There is no evidence that cloud seeding using silver iodine has been attempted in this area. Evidently, it is just a coincidence that the skin color of the local residents has slowly turned blue. Nothing to do with exposure to silver iodine according to experts.

The above story is hogwash and has absolutely nothing to do with the photo.

Bena Road, Kern County, California 2016

AFTERMATH

Shari and I really enjoy Washington State. We have passed one year of residence and love that there are actually four seasons. Vegetation grows really fast in the Pacific Northwest, which, means I spend a lot of time outside whacking on things so we don't get overgrown. Naturally, the work takes away from the time I have to work on photos, but, at least for the moment, I can do the outside work. It's all good!

If you are so inclined, hi-res versions of the photos included in the book are available on Flickr (<https://www.flickr.com/photos/stillugly/>) or davidseibold.us.

Thank you so much for taking time to read *Hog Wash Book Nine*.

Disclaimer: Remember, almost nothing in this book is true.



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